

FIFTH GRADE STUDENTS WRITE ELOQUENTLY ABOUT IMMIGRATION AND AMERICA

• Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, this year thousands of fifth graders across the United States competed in a writing contest on immigration sponsored by the American Immigrant Law Foundation and the American Immigration Lawyers Association. The students responded to the question, "Why I'm Glad America is a Nation of Immigrants."

I had the privilege of serving as one of the judges for the competition, and I was impressed with the students' responses. They radiate with pride for the diversity of America and our immigrant heritage. Many students told personal stories of their families and friends and their immigration to the United States.

The winner of this year's contest is Audrey Kidwell of Clayton, MO. In her essay, "The Garden of America," she explains how immigrants' new roots become "entwined" with the roots of others helping us to "incorporate their strong points into our ever-growing garden." The United States has often been compared to a melting pot or a colorful patchwork quilt, and Audrey's eloquent essay adds a new vision of a garden "watered with kindness and friendship causing us to grow and to flourish."

Other students honored for their exceptional writing are Camille Allamel of Indianapolis, Sarah Mesterton-Gibbons of Tallahassee, Daniel Pietryla of Chicago, and Sam Sanson of Bay Village, OH. I congratulate these students on their outstanding achievement.

These award-winning essays will be of interest to all of us in the Senate, and I ask that they be printed in the RECORD.

The material follows:

THE GARDEN OF AMERICA

(By Audrey Kidwell, Wilson School, Clayton, MO, Grand Prize Winner)

Many people have said that America is like a melting pot or stew, but I think our country is more of a garden. In a melting pot, all of the ingredients blend together into mush. When you make stew, it all becomes one flavor and nothing stands out. Try as I might, I can't think of any food that is truly able to be associated with America. But a garden is different.

When an immigrant first comes to America, he or she puts out new, young roots into the soil of our heritage. These roots become entwined, almost connected you might say, to other root systems, holding the soil together. With the soil held together, we are saved from erosion. We learn of the ways these people have suffered in their countries, so we know which mistakes not to make. It is good this way because when we learn about other nations, we can incorporate their strong points into our ever-growing garden. For this reason, the sun of freedom always shines over our garden.

Even though we are all different, we all originated as seeds. Some of us are violets or mums, some ferns or vines, but none of us are weeds. We are all beautiful. This is wonderful because in many other places, no one accepts differences. In our garden we all help each other because our roots hold the soil to-

gether. Our garden is watered with kindness and friendship causing us to grow and to flourish. These things are good because in other places, the soil crumbles; the plants dry up, but not in America.

I love America because it has so many good qualities. We offer a home to immigrants so that they can be happy. They, in turn, make our nation stronger and help it to thrive. They pass on new traditions to us and enrich our culture. I can't imagine what our garden would be like without immigrants. It would be similar to a garden with only roses. Roses are nice, but I think variety and diversity is better. We are all lucky and should be thankful to be rooted in the garden of America.

AMERICA, THE MOSAIC

(By Camille Allamel, International School of Indiana, Indianapolis, IN, Runner-Up)

Over time, America has become,
A gorgeous mosaic made of precious, living stones.

The jade stands for Asian immigrants,
Who brought mysterious China Towns and fireworks,

Along with sweet and sour chicken.

The ruby symbolizes the Hispanics,

With their juicy burritos and tacos,

Fiestas, mariachis, and piñatas!

The sapphire represents the French,

Down to Louisiana,

Right to Cajun Land,

With jambalaya, gumbo, and zydeco.

The emerald stone is for Italians,

Who have brought pasta and pizza along.

Now, the diamond,

Who is dedicated to this special group,

Forced to make it here,

Because of slavery,

When finally free,

Deciding to stay,

They are the African Americans!

Let's not forget the native turquoise,

Made for the Indians the immigrants have found,

Who have introduced and shared this beautiful land

That we today call America.

There are so many other stones,

Too many to name them all,

These immigrants who brought their history,

Their customs and their ministries,

Together create this grand mosaic,

Making all these people,

United to form America,

In a unique melting pot!!

WHY I AM GLAD THAT AMERICA IS A NATION OF IMMIGRANTS

(By Sarah Mesterton-Gibbons, Home School, Tallahassee, FL, Runner-Up)

You might not be able to tell from looking at me, that I come from a family of many immigrants. My friends might think that I look "American," but they don't realize that each part of me reflects the characteristics of my ancestors. For example, I got my blonde hair from my Swedish relatives, my green eyes from my Northern Spanish relatives, my fair skin and freckles from my Irish relatives, my short height from my Puerto Rican relatives, and my facial shape from my Finnish relatives.

Immigration is common in my family, and many of my relatives have married people from different countries, faiths and backgrounds. Two of my grandparents and all of my great-grandparents immigrated from different countries, and many of my great-great-grandparents were immigrants, too. My father immigrated here from England. His parents went to England from Ireland. We all have different accents than our looks. And different interests and celebrations.

My friends think it's unusual that we celebrate different holidays and eat different

foods, but they also find it interesting. We celebrate Christmas on Christmas Eve as they do in Europe, and also Santa Lucia Day and Midsommar as they do in Sweden. We'd much rather eat rice and beans, chapattis, spanikopita, Cornish pasties and ratatouille than typical American dishes. My sister and I have even learned to cook the dishes ourselves. When we listen to music, we listen to everything from Irish jigs, to Swedish polkas, to Spanish sambas to English folk songs. Our house is filled with furniture and articles from all over the world. Our lifestyle reflects our many nationalities. Even our very best friends are from many countries.

Even though I look typically American—but am not—I AM a typical American, because we are all immigrants or descendants of immigrants. And that is wonderful, because it means it is easy to find the food, decorations and costumes to celebrate holidays as my ancestors have done.

This varied cultural background has enriched my life. The people I love have taught me about their religions, customs, food and celebrations. No matter who I'm with, or what country I'm in, I feel very much at home. Thanks to my Dad, I feel especially at home in England.

Being exposed to so many different opinions has made me look at America's problems in new ways. I often find that other countries have handled similar problems in better ways than we have and I hope I'm open-minded enough to learn from them. I would like to convince my country to consider many world views before making decisions. And I hope my fellow immigrants try their very best to do the same. Maybe if we remember that we are all immigrants, then we can continue to make America a better place to live.

WHY I AM GLAD THAT AMERICA IS A LAND OF IMMIGRANTS

(By Daniel Pietryla, St. Christina School, Chicago, IL, Runner-Up)

Dedicated to my parents, grandparents and to all immigrants who have endured personal hardships for the sake of their children. Leaving their homelands and bravely entering a foreign country with hopes and dreams of freedom, happiness and prosperity. The gift of America, a gift of immigrants!

My ancestors are from Poland, Where life was hard and long, Their future was in a new land, America is where they belong.

The dirt floor, wooden shack, Beds of feathers and straw, The privy around back, Was the last thing they saw.

They turned and gazed, For one last look, The home where they were raised, Is the memory they took.

Over the Atlantic by ship, many hardships were endured, Herbal tea they would sip, their senses were blurred. Days and nights of wondering, Frightened and alone were they, Deep doubts were pondering, Through this long, long way.

Two weeks of seasickness, Unsure of their choice, America came in darkness, No one did rejoice.

They boarded a train, Never understanding the words, Lightning and rain, Were all that they heard.

The train's wheels were squealing, The sudden stop that they felt, Nervous stomachs were feeling, And hearts about to melt.

Streetlights and cars Intensifying the fear, And heard from afar, A familiar voice so clear.

"Welcome, Welcome, You're finally here!" Our senses were numb, They broke into tears.

America at last! Everything so new, Letting go of the past, It's a hard thing to do.
Grandpa and Grandma, My Mom and her brothers, From Poland to America, Similar stories of others.

Son of an immigrant, America, my home,
A story so important, Memorialized in poem.
Our ancestors from somewhere, So brave and alone,
Gave a gift so rare,
America, Our Home!

AMERICAN STEW

(By Sam Sanson, Bay Middle School, Bay Village, OH, Runner-Up)

Every American's favorite . . .
One pound of potatoes and a teaspoon of Irish humor
One ounce of coconut and 3 cups of Filipino faith
Five ounces of noodles and a liter of Italian artwork
One pound of kielbasi and ½ tablespoon of Polish courage
One teaspoon of sauerkraut and a cup of German determination
Five teaspoons of soy sauce and an ounce of Chinese history
Two pounds of escargot and a tablespoon of French cooking
Two tablespoons of tea and six ounces of British etiquette
One ounce of figs and one pound of African tribal dancing
Two pounds of Korean rice and ½ tablespoon of Korean silk
We hope that you enjoy "America's Stew."
With all of the surprising ingredients, it makes the most interesting and exciting meal of all!

DR. JOHN H. HOPPS, JR.

• Mr. ROBERTS. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to a great educator and champion of science and technology, who recently passed away.

Dr. John Hopps was a true public servant who most recently furthered the cause of our national security as deputy director of defense research and engineering and deputy under secretary of defense for laboratories and basic science at the Department of Defense. As chairman of the Senate Armed Services Subcommittee on Emerging Threats and Capabilities, I had the privilege of knowing John and witnessing first-hand his support of programs, projects and personnel in the defense laboratories.

Prior to his position with the Department of Defense, Dr. Hopps worked to encourage our Nation's youth in their pursuit of academic excellence, especially in this fields of physics and chemistry. As provost and senior vice president for academic affairs and professor of physics at Morehouse College, John was in a position to guide young minds and manage academic departments and multi disciplinary programs.

Immediately before joining Morehouse College, John Hopps served as director of materials research at the National Science Foundation. During his tenure with Draper Laboratory, which began in 1977, John was manager of energy program development, manager of the laboratory's fault-tolerant systems technology research program, and education director for the laboratory.

During his tenure as deputy director of defense research and engineering, Dr. Hopps made great strides in reaching out to the scientific and academic communities and in working to ensure the technological superiority of the defense laboratories and workforce who develop the tools, protective equipment and weapons that are so important to the U.S. warfighter of today and tomorrow. Under his leadership, the Department increased the National Defense Science and Engineering Fellowship Program and pursued a program and structure—Materials World Modules—he developed to connect students of all ages to the excitement and value of science.

This year's defense authorization bill contains a provision that authorizes the Department to establish a pilot science, mathematics and engineering scholarship program that will continue much of the work championed by John in his efforts for the Department of Defense and in his other positions both inside and outside the Federal Government. John's academic background combined with service in the Federal Government gave him a unique perspective on the importance of basic research for future technological advances, linkages he helped us all to make.

John Hopps' patient, deliberative manner, keen sense of humor, and compassionate approach to life and work will be missed by the many students, educators and public servants, whose lives he has touched. My deepest sympathies go out to Dr. Hopps' wife, family and friends, and to all who knew and loved him. •

SERGEANT JIM MULLEN

• Mr. BUNNING. Mr. President, I pay tribute and congratulate SGT Jim Mullen on his reception of the Bowling Green firefighter of the year award given to him by his peers at the Bowling Green Fire Department.

Sergeant Mullen has dedicated himself to helping those in need in the Bowling Green, KY area. In addition to the firefighter of the year award, Sergeant Mullen also received the Community Service Award from the department. He earned this commendation through such activities as coaching and administering the city soccer league. He has done a wonderful public service of making Bowling Green a safer and better place to live.

The citizens of Kentucky are fortunate to have the leadership of SGT Jim Mullen. His example of dedication, hard work and compassion should be an inspiration to all throughout the Commonwealth.

He has my most sincere appreciation for this work and I look forward to his continued service to Kentucky. •

CITY YEAR'S 15TH ANNIVERSARY

• Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, on June 4th hundreds of talented, motivated young men and women will meet

in Boston to celebrate the 15th Anniversary of City Year. In 1989 the first group of young people completed a year of service to their community, inspiring what would become AmeriCorps. Now, 15 years later, City Year will hold its annual meeting in the city where it began. Since then, thirteen additional cities have welcomed the young idealists in red jackets and Timberland boots who, in their own words, "are young enough to want to change the world and old enough to do it."

City Year recruits start each day with "PT," a trademark exercise routine to wake up the mind and spirit to take on the challenges of the day. They move on to challenge the apathy in the communities they serve. They spend each day tackling illiteracy, tutoring, refurbishing buildings, improving access to health care, and changing lives in many other ways.

City Year participants also work tirelessly to encourage others to serve, attracting volunteers through Serve-a-thons and special service days that focus community efforts on a particular project. They spread their love of service and highlight local problems that can be solved by working together.

"Cyzygy," their annual meeting, is a time when they celebrate service and discuss strategies to improve recruitment, retention and the quality of service. Just as they work to improve communities, they work to improve the way communities address their problems, and engage others in the search for effective solutions.

When they launched City Year in the 1980's, Alan Khazei and Michael Brown had a noble vision that spending a year in service to community could become the norm. They foresaw a domestic Peace Corps that could transform lives and rebuild communities. At the time, many thought they were impractical dreamers. Today we know they were practical visionaries and we are all proud to witness the results of their vision. Happy Birthday, City Year! •

OHIO UNIVERSITY'S BICENTENNIAL

• Mr. VOINOVICH. Mr. President, the State of Ohio is home to Ohio University, the first public institution of higher learning in the old Northwest Territory. This institution, my alma mater, celebrates the 200th anniversary of its founding this year.

On March 1, 1803, Ohio became the Nation's 17th State. Less than a year later, on February 18, 1804, the Ohio General Assembly approved Ohio University's charter.

Ohio University is the realization of the Jeffersonian ideals of educating broadly and cultivating minds and ideas so that people can reason out their differences. Officially established in 1804, the university opened in 1808 with three students. In 1815, Ohio University award its first two bachelor's